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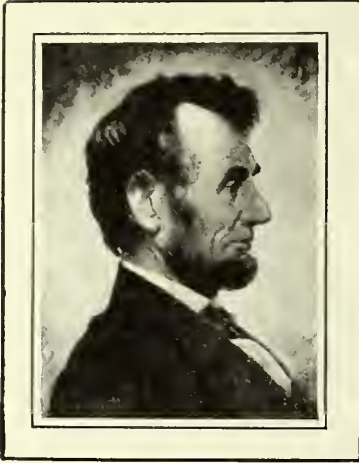
THE NATION'S MEAT BILL
BY SHERMAN ROGERS

THE LINCOLN THEY SAW

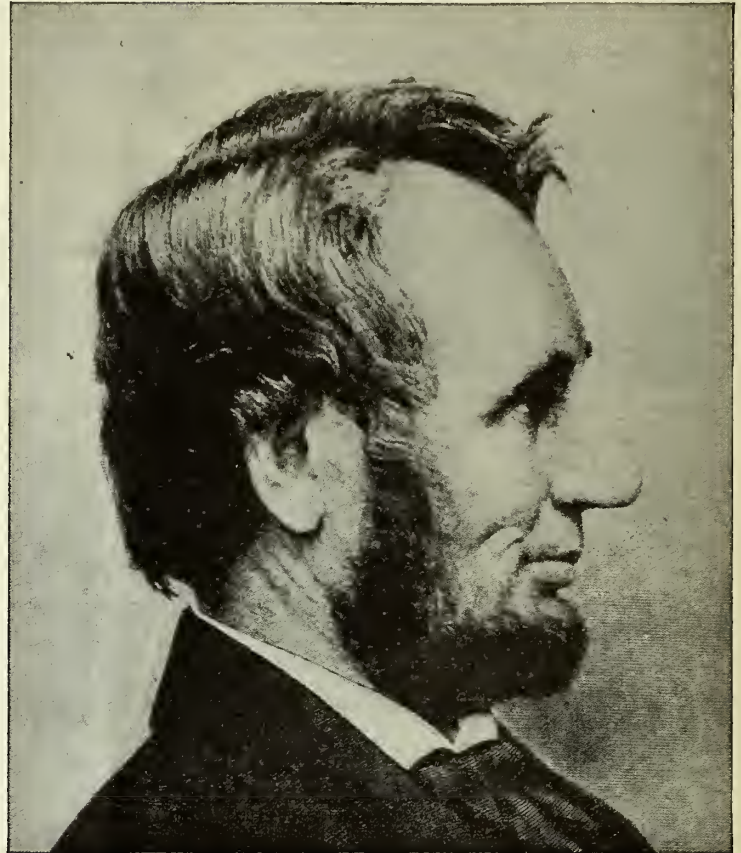
I—A BOY AT LINCOLN'S FEET

A REMINISCENCE OF A LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK



"I have come upon an engraving of President Lincoln, in profile," wrote Professor S. H. Woodbridge, of Washington, to us recently, "which for strength and maturity surpasses anything I have seen of him in portrait print. With it is an autograph written for and given by him to a gentleman of Washington, the father of one of my local associates." It is a reproduction of this engraving which we print herewith. For purposes of comparison we have placed above, beside it, another portrait also in profile, very similar in general appearance. What is striking about what we may call the Woodbridge portrait of Lincoln is the expression, which, unlike that of most portraits of him, shows him at a time when care has been relieved by his sense of humor



A Lincoln

THERE was great excitement in Stark County, Illinois, upon a day early in the autumn of 1858. Mr. Lincoln was to speak at Toulon,¹ the county seat, and I, a lad of eleven years, was to ride sixteen miles with my father in the band-wagon to see and hear the man I had heard so much about. It was during the period of the seven joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas, candidates for the United States Senate, that were being held in different parts of the State about once a week. In the intervening days they spoke separately at other places, as a rule following one another on alternate days. If Lincoln came, as I remember, on Tuesday, Douglas arrived on Wednesday, and spoke from the same platform. All the Republicans and many Democrats went to hear Lincoln; all the Democrats and many Republicans attended the Douglas meetings. Some there were, of course, unaffiliated with either party, who wished to hear both candidates before making their choice.

On the morning of this day you may be sure our chores on the farm were done and breakfast eaten before day-

break. The sun was hardly risen when we had driven to the crossroad village of Bradford and stalled our horses in Uncle Zach's barn. The band-wagon soon came along and took us in. It was an ordinary farm wagon with a seating rack above the wheels and steps leading up in the rear. There was a high seat for the driver and the horses numbered four. The band consisted of five pieces—two fifes, one bass and two tenor drums. The distinctive uniform of my father, one of the fifers, was a faded brown coat and a "palm-leaf" hat with the brim religiously trained to turn up behind and down in front. As a subscriber to the New York "Tribune," his beard was trimmed in Horace Greeley style. His experience with the fife dated back to the days of his youth, in the old "General Trainin's" of the Empire State.

The second fifer on the wagon was Dalrymple ("Uncle Dal"), likewise a prairie

farmer; a tall, straight Virginian, with iron-gray beard that reached to his waist and a wide-rimmed hat of black. He played with enthusiasm, keeping time vigorously with his heel. His instrument my father despised because it had a mouthpiece that gave forth a high metallic screech. Father insisted that a fife should be melodious, played like a flute, with no "tube" attachment.

Curtiss, the blacksmith, could make the bass drum roar to be heard a mile, and his timing was exact.

But the star performer of our band was Pettingill, the harnessmaker, a little man from Maine. My greatest wish for years was that I might play the little drum as he did. It seems to me yet that I have never seen another who could make the "r-r-r-roll" so perfect with a pair of sticks.

Little "Mollie Stark" County was then untouched by a railway, and all who went to Toulon that day from twenty

¹Several gazetteers consulted show but two Toulons in the world, one in France and this in Illinois.

miles around rode in buggies, wagons, or on horseback. As we went on, the delegations from our section fell in behind the band in long procession on the dusty road. Stirring music announced our coming to every village and "Corn-ers."

Spoon River had no "Anthology" at that time, and very few bridges. We forded the stream at Fuller's Mill, barely wetting the horses' feet. Passing through Jersey Township, we arrived at the fair grounds just north of Toulon about eleven o'clock. Here the clans were gathering, according to arrangement, to greet Mr. Lincoln on his arrival from Cambridge, where he had spoken the day before. Soon the entire race-track was bordered by the crowd, in all manner of conveyances. Our driver secured a position close to the "inside" track and near the entrance. We had a half-hour of waiting, enlivened by the playing of several bands in turn.

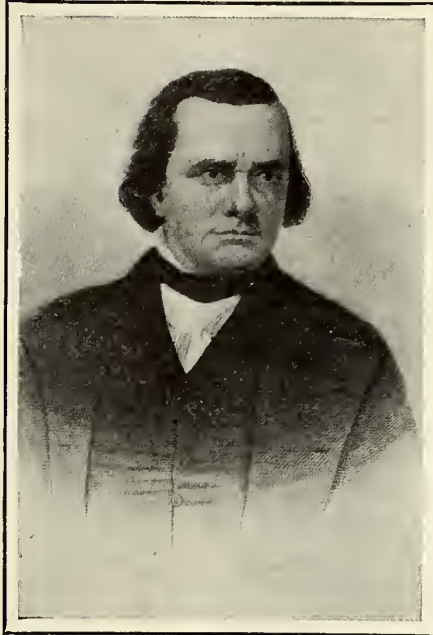
The reader would hardly guess in what manner Mr. Lincoln came in through the high-posted gateway.

A young man in the neighborhood had trained a pair of two-year-old steers to drive in harness. These were attached to a low barouche, the top of which, turned back, reached nearly to the ground. In this vehicle, towering high with his "plug" hat, sat the future President, beside him the little driver under a wide-brimmed "slouch."

Then the cheering began, and at first Mr. Lincoln tried to rise from his seat in acknowledgment; but he could not rise far in the moving carriage without losing his equilibrium. Just as his long form got bent to about the shape of a letter S he would suddenly sink back with an impact no doubt that was hardly pleasant. The entire combination was so ludicrous that the crowd went wild. Mr. Lincoln laughed with them, and decided to keep his seat, raising his hat and bowing while he made the circuit of the half-mile track. The cheering was a fore-wave of that to be heard within two years in that famous wig-wam by the lake.

Then, passing into the road, the unique equipage led the procession up-town with our band in the lead, each player doing his best.

Having dinner with a friend of my father's made us late at the meeting. The platform from which Mr. Lincoln spoke was at the south side of the Court-House, where there was a wide, open square. Opposite, on the north, was another stand for an overflow meet-



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, THE "LITTLE GIANT"

ing, which was addressed, according to my remembrance, by Frank P. Blair.

I was sorely disappointed that we were on the outskirts of a great crowd, with Mr. Lincoln speaking. My father, being quite deaf, had not expected to hear much of the speech, and was quite content with his situation. I straightway asked if I might get nearer if I could. I shall ever be grateful for his answer: "Go ahead; come back here when it's over."

Being slender and persistent, I somehow wormed my way through that human mass till I stood directly at Mr. Lincoln's feet, near the edge of the platform. I am sure I could have touched his boots.

There, with hat in hand, I stood nearly an hour, looking up and listening. I understood much of what he was saying, for I had read the newspapers

and heard the issues discussed at home. But it was the form, the action, and presence of the man that impressed me chiefly; his towering height, his straightness when he stood erect, his long arms, now swinging, now extending forth; his limbs that seemed to bend like a huge jack-knife, bringing his head forward at times toward his audience, till it seemed to me he was in danger of falling. I had the feeling that he was the most dead-in-earnest man I had ever heard speak, that he meant every word and knew just what he was talking about; that he was so honest he would never think of trying to deceive anybody. In a word, he inspired my full confidence, that never wavered from that moment, no matter what any one might say. I have at least one distinct memory incident to this address. Standing near Mr. Lincoln as I did, hatless, with upturned face, I was conscious now and then of falling mist upon my brow. This, we know, any speaker will emit addressing an outdoor audience with intent to be heard by the farthest listener. I had to keep my red bandanna handkerchief in hand for use whenever he leaned directly toward me; and yet I had no thought of changing my position till the last word was said.

In later years the unpleasant memory was relieved by a thought suggested—that I had been baptized that day, indeed, into the faith of him who spoke, "the faith that right makes might," as he had said, and that the speech I heard was being repeated with ever-increasing influence throughout the world.

I have no further memory of the day except that fife and drum were little heard upon the homeward way, that I was very sleepy, and dozed at times in the rough-going wagon with my head on father's knee. No remembrance comes of that late supper, prepared, I know, with the appetizing art that only a mother knows.

Twenty months later came that greatest of all conventions, in Chicago. My father, born and raised in New York State, wished earnestly for Seward's nomination, while I, in secret, hoped for that of Lincoln, and when it came my joy was unrestrained.

II—HONEST ABE AND THE LITTLE GIANT

A REMINISCENCE OF LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION

BY THE LATE DR. G. B. WALLIS

A CONTEMPORARY NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT AT THE CAPITAL

THE 4th of March, 1861, was a crisis of life or death to the incoming President, Abraham Lincoln, then in his fifty-first year. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia, withdrawn from the United States at Montgomery, Alabama, had formed an independent government, "on the cornerstone of Negro slavery." Jefferson Davis

had been inaugurated President of "these so-called Confederate States." They had seized the custom-houses, post offices, mints, most of the forts, arsenals, and other property of the United States within their borders, and while waiting for negotiations "to go in peace" they were arming for war.

Governor Hicks, of Maryland, had discovered a Confederate plot within her borders for the seizure of Washington

City on Lincoln's inauguration day. Of this plot the veteran Winfield Scott, General-in-Chief of the United States Army, had been informed. Rumors were afloat of a projected co-operating rebel raid from Virginia with that from Maryland.

The resident population of Washington, almost wholly Southern and a slave-holding community, were strongly in sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy, and a rebel rising in the city was

ABOVE: SEE
LF A Reminiscence
by Garrett Wallis



LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION BALL AS PICTURED IN "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" AT THE TIME

feared with the incoming of the apprehended raids. Treason was in the air. The assassination of the new President, the seizure of the United States Treasury, and the overthrow of the Government were threatened; and to guard against a possible incursion for these objects by a descent of thousands of desperate men General Scott had only a few hundred regular troops and marines at hand.

For the protection of the President-elect in the usual procession to the Capitol and at the Capitol and for the safety of the Treasury these troops were judiciously distributed in detachments. From the carriage-way to the door at the north end of the Capitol by which the incoming President entered he was protected by a covered way, a rough shed of boards for the day's service. From point to point on the housetops from the Treasury to the Capitol sentinels were placed, lookouts to give warning of the approach of an invasion of the enemy. For the immediate protection of the President in the procession, his carriage was surrounded by a compact squad of cavalry, formed in an inclosing hollow square.

A gloomy, ominous, and alarming inaugural procession it was, but it was not without its redeeming features. The pageant and day passed off quietly, as quietly as a funeral. To the most timid of peace-loving Quakers the presence of the outgoing, side by side in the

open barouche, with the incoming President dispelled all fears of a day of war. Under the circumstances, this ride of Buchanan with Lincoln was a courageous act of official courtesy. It was the exception to what the custom had been in such cases, and, being unexpected, it attracted the special notice and admiration of friends and foes.

Lincoln's inauguration ball, 1861, was not grand, but was gloomy and peculiar. It was given in a commodious and breezy shanty of pine boards and scantling, built for the purpose. It was an extraordinary occasion, and the pavilion was adapted to the accommodation of the extraordinary assemblage expected. And it was an extraordinary assemblage, though not in the thousands of patriotic Republicans looked for by the oversanguine company financially concerned. It was a thin house. There were hardly a thousand persons on the floor when the music from the band, "Hail to the Chief," was played as President Lincoln entered the ballroom. The gathering was extraordinary, however, in its prevailing elements. They told a story of dispossession and occupation of the Government, strange and portentous, the dispossession of the South and the forces of King Cotton, and an occupation by the "outside barbarians" of the Northwest. Oh, the fearful change! There was nothing like this in the inauguration ball of any President from the beginning to this day.

Federalist or Republican, Democrat or Whig, Jackson or Harrison, Polk or Taylor, Pierce or Buchanan, the inauguration ball was still essentially the same. King Cotton, the chivalry, and the brilliant and fascinating beauties of the South still gave tone, grouping, coloring, and expression to the picture. "But what have we here?" asks the gentleman from South Carolina. "What is this assemblage which Lincoln is passing under review? Strange figures, costumes, and faces from 'Down East,' from the Canadian border, from the prairies, from the log cabins of Minnesota, from the woods of Oregon and the mining camps of California. And the dominant type masculine is that of the long and lathy abolitionist, a philanthropist of the 'Praise God Barebones' family; while overshadowing the queens of the gathering here are the strong-minded, tough, muscular belles of the Women's Rights Associations.

"The South in this fête, save here and there a vigilant observer (a spy, if you please), is not represented. The women of the South—the life, the charm, heretofore of these Presidential triumphs—are missing, gone with the seceding States, and this affair is a dance without a partner, a festival to which the invited guests have not come, and whose places are filled by strangers from the wayside."

The gentleman from South Carolina is a little wild in his photograph, but, though distorted and overdone, it is a

photograph that he has given of the assemblage, 1861, at Lincoln's inauguration ball. To a dispassionate observer, with his recollections of balls to Polk, Taylor, and other Presidents, it was, from the absence of any representation from the seceded Southern States, not only a strangely cold, timid, and unsociable affair. It was sad, gloomy, and disheartening. It was under a cloud through which no star was visible. It was only when Lincoln, arm in arm with the beautiful wife of Senator Douglas, followed by the "Little Giant" with the short, plump, and happy Mrs. Lincoln on his arm, walked around the ball-room that the chill of the house was broken. A general current of conversation followed. "Are they not well matched—Lincoln and Mrs. Douglas, both tall, and Douglas and Mrs. Lincoln, both short and dumpy?" "Yes, only look—Douglas is a head shorter than his wife, and Mrs. Lincoln could walk under her husband's arm."

Mrs. Douglas was a Miss Catts, of Virginia, a grand-niece of President Madison; and Mrs. Lincoln was a Miss Todd, of Kentucky, also of the Madison family. Lincoln and Douglas had been rival beaux of Mary Todd, and later on both were running for President at the same time, and both were from Illinois. Man and wife on both sides had been fighting the other two, and now all of them were here together. Let us look

at the two men. A stranger would have taken Douglas for the man elected, he looked so cheerfully about, and Lincoln one would take for the defeated candidate, as he appeared so sad and miserable. And it was so. Douglas apparently was satisfied, as a man relieved of a heavy burden by an old friend. He knew, with the division of his party at Charleston on the slavery issue, between himself and Breckinridge, that the Republican candidate would walk into the Presidency between them. He knew with the nomination of Lincoln that he would be elected. The election was no disappointment to Douglas; nor was his fight so much against Lincoln as against the Southern fire-eaters. They had defeated him, but he had finished them. They were done for, or would be in the Southern Confederacy. He knew that Lincoln would have to fight this Confederacy, fire and sword, by land and sea; and the presence of Douglas at this ball was a proclamation to the South that in this fight he would be with Lincoln. The Senator's mind was made up. The door of compromise was closed. His course was open before him. No more doubts or misgivings. Hence his ready wit and honest laugh in his exchange of little flatteries with admiring friends. He had lost the Presidency, but he had regained his freedom, and he was here to proclaim it.

But why this sad, dreamy, and far-

away look in the melancholy eyes of Lincoln, with all these welcoming faces around him, and with the beautiful, chatty, and charming Mrs. Douglas on his arm? He has his joke, but it does not change the sad expression in his eyes. Is it the shadow of the assassin still upon his track? Something, perhaps, of this. They tell us it is partly a transmission from father to son, partly an imprint from his early life with its hardships in the woods and in the Mississippi flatboat, but deepened since November from his broodings over the dreadful visions before him in his heavy task of duty, in which he may fail or fall by the way. There is no sign of fear in those sad eyes.

It is an exceptionally tall, long-limbed, shambling, and ungainly figure, this of Lincoln; nor is there a model of beauty or dignity in his little head with its projecting eyebrows, big nose, thin face, and unshapely mouth, pleading the cause of a penniless client or the faith and mission of the Republican party.

Approved as the statesman and patriot for the crisis, he is here. And in his gentle voice and kindly disposition, above all, in the sympathy for the suffering and the sorrowful, expressed in those sad eyes, we have the key to the character of this rough diamond, this man who in his relations with his fellow-men, peace or war, had "malice for none, and charity for all."

OUR CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS

BY E. H. CHRISTY THOMAS

THE kindly spirit of the early Quakers still broods over Philadelphia. Boston still displays evidences of its Puritan beginnings. It is more difficult to recognize anything of early Dutch phlegm in New York, but of course New York is New York. There is still something of the glamour of '49 around the Golden Gate, and the gay character of old Creole days in New Orleans has not been entirely pushed aside by the modern city.

But Seattle probably retains its early traits with more tenacity than any other American city of importance. Most conspicuous among these traits is the city's insistence upon law and order. There is nothing academic about this ancient phrase out in Seattle. Even under pressure of the rush of the hardest of adventurers for the Klondike, when Seattle was the outfitting station and the jumping-off place for Alaska, the sheriffs of King County and the police of Seattle preserved the peace as it has seldom, if ever, been preserved in other communities in critical times.

Only an extraordinary civic vitality could have taken Seattle's population, compounded of migrants from our Eastern States, exotic streams from the Orient, and miners and woodsmen from the North, and welded them and their dreams into a successful city.

Seattle has always been proud of her



(C) Underwood

A SEATTLE SKY-SCRAPER

ability to take care of herself. Seattle boils when she hears it said that "revolution" ever threatened her pursuit of happiness. In fact, Seattle's so-called general strike lasted less than forty-eight hours, and proved a joke. There wasn't even a fist fight. Why? Seattle's traditions for law and order and the protection of every citizen, white, black, or yellow, are held inviolate, and have been since its earliest days.

Seattle pioneers who have given their time and money to building the city become indignant when a visitor refers to this now-famous episode. No city anywhere, at any time, in their opinion, has been so maliciously slandered, libeled, misjudged, and misrepresented as has Seattle because of the notoriety growing out of the strike. Seattle business men, city officials, police, the Federal authorities, army and navy officers stationed there, newspapermen, and labor leaders are united in that belief. They agree that the things which are supposed to have happened during the strike not only did not occur at all, but that the city is, was, and always has been incapable of them, and they cite history to prove it.

Seattle was founded in 1851 by a little band of pioneers from Illinois. In ox-teams and prairie schooners they traversed the plains between the Missouri River and the Willamette Valley in Ore-

